

Clancy's Cliché's

I'm writing these first few lines in the weeks before Christmas, as my outer body wearies and is way beyond repair... yet my young thinking and playful mind are still full of heart and soul. How does that happen? Alas, there comes a time when one must pass the torch to the next level, and say farewell to all ye, my faithful (and very complimentary) readers!

The best gift a teacher could ever have is for their student to be better than the teacher could ever be. Hence, I give you my baby brother, Jake, who will be finishing this month's column since I will be in another place, and continuing the great tradition in the St. Leo Newsletter. Drumrolls, please, for Jake. For me, I hear the canine choir of angels...

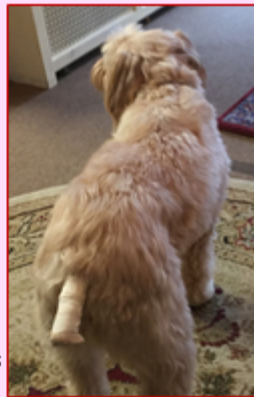




Dear Readers,

Testing. Testing. Hey there! This is Jake! Can you read me? Ten-Four, Labrador!

So, I'd like to start by saying how difficult it is to step into my big brother's paws in his absence. There is much grace and blessing in grieving. And there are many instances of grieving: for loved ones, for the unexpected passing of relatives, for changes in lifestyle, for job changes, moving to a different home or country, sickness, aging, and for so many other life-changing events. The process of grieving, with its myriad of emotions, is different for each and every one of us. We should never, ever, judge "when a person should be finished grieving" or "moving on".



While at the vet, a big ol' bump was noticed on my tail which had to be removed. That meant lopping off part of my tail and leaving me with a little wiggle of a thing. And I had to wear the cone of shame. Oy! Having poodle in me, I'm used to doing lots of tricks, but that cone was bumping the floor when I walked, making my head start to flip me over front-ways. Whiplash! Since my tail looks like a little bobcat's, they're calling me "Bob" now. What's a guy to do?

In all seriousness, it's a loss. A part of my body is gone, and I miss it. I don't feel "whole". I miss playing and sleeping with my brother. I miss his presence. All of this within a few weeks. I am different. Those around us are different. So remember, there is much understanding and compassion that comes with life-changing events. We evolve. We adapt. We change. It's the process. Appreciate life (and yourself), smile more, hug more, dance more, share the love, and keep on licking to keep on ticking.

Knock, knock Who's there? Ash. Ash who? Gesundheit!

What did the nut say when it got a cold? Cashew!

Where do most people eat on Leap Day? idHOPI



(Editor's Note: Clancy and Jake were good buddies. Although, in many ways, they were different from each other in personality and temperament, exact opposites, they were perfect for each other. They got along great and often were the balance in each other's lives. They made true the meaning of the phrase opposites attract. They taught each other many things. Clancy introduced Jake to his ghost writer for this column to take his place and to allow this column to continue to be the most popular and most read column in the Newsletter. You will notice Jake's quick wit and appreciate his insightful eye and at the same time remember fondly his good buddy Clancy. Enjoy!)